

NONSENSE BARRED

A Plain Description of What All May See if They Will

Such bright, warm days as have smiled upon Montana during the past few weeks make one almost wish that he had been born a spring poet, with all the license to bore other people that such a birth entails. But a plain, every-day mortal must not give expression to the enthusiasm which wells up unbidden from the depths of his plebeian soul at sight of nature's efforts to throw off the habiliments of death and clothe herself in the robes of life and loveliness. Oh, no! This is the especial privilege of the gifted few, and you and I, gentle reader, must not encroach upon their domain lest we be sat upon with the force and crushing effect of an abled-bodied and well directed pile driver. So do not be alarmed; we know our gait, and will not presume upon the patience of a long-suffering public to indulge in any nonsensical rhapsodies about the return of summer.

But summer is here, just the same, and we take this opportunity to announce the fact to the people, lest in the hurry and worry of business it should escape their observation. Besides, it is our good fortune to live in a place where summer announces its presence by other and pleasanter means than suffocating heat and dust and drought; consequently we may have greater reason to welcome its return than others whose lives are not cast in such pleasant places, and may notice it quicker.

Our place of residence is Bozeman, where the approach of the most delightful season of the year was heralded some time ago by grassy lawns and bursting buds and blooming flowers. Now the entire residence portion of the city is embowered in green groves, and to sit in the tower of the new hotel and look out over the city one might easily imagine himself in the midst of a veritable garden of paradise. On every hand there is a pleasing contrast of color, and to a lover of the beautiful the scene is entrancing beyond expression. Extending the view up and down and across the valley the loveliest landscape picture that ever delighted the eye of an artist is beheld. In the foreground lies a broad expanse of level or gently rolling country, relieved of any suggestion of monotony by numerous timber-girt streams whose courses can be traced from the points where they enter the valley to where they join and leave it together 30 miles below. Back of all, and forming an appropriate setting for this beautiful scene, are the grand old mountains, rising one above the other until they culminate in majestic peaks whose heads tower far above the line of perpetual snow.

Surely it is no wonder that the citizens of Bozeman are proud of their city and its surroundings, and it is no wonder that those who once settle here nearly always remain. There is no more attractive spot on the face of the earth, and as business opportunities here are excellent and everything is prosperous, there is no reason why any resident should ever become discontented.

Bozeman is a prominent candidate for the capital, and her chances for winning the coveted prize are very flattering. Being, for many reasons, the best residence city in the state, if she gets the capital her population will be wonderfully increased within a very few years, and it will be increased, too, by the better class of our people. The fact that Montanans all over the state are favorably impressed with the outlook for Bozeman is evidenced by the great number who have invested in real estate here during the last three or four months. The greater portion of those who have bought lots intend to build residences and make Bozeman their permanent abode. Some, however, have bought for speculative purposes, knowing that in no event will Bozeman property ever be worth less than it is today, and that in the event of her getting the capital their property will be worth double what they paid for it just as soon as the result of the election is announced.

For speculative purposes no one can go amiss in buying any property offered for sale in Bozeman, but those who wish to purchase lots on which to build homes for themselves will find our West Side addition superior in many respects to any other portion of the city. It is well watered, has excellent soil, and is located in that part of the town which will eventually be built up with the better class of residences.

Our terms are one-third cash, the remainder in 6 and 12 months without interest; or, \$20 down and \$10 per month until lots are paid for.

ICE N. SMITH, general agent, room 2, Owsley block, Butte, Mont.

George Audley, Cleary house, Granite.

IN THE CANYON

Authentic Details of the Fight at Mission.

GOING OVER THE GROUND

Results of a Careful Investigation by Two "Standard" Reporters.

A NIGHT FULL OF HORROR

Impartial Spectators Tell How the Battle Began—According to Their Story the Attack Was Unprovoked.

Staff Correspondence of the Standard.

Old Mission, Idaho, July 18.—That the part of the great Coeur d'Alene labor troubles which should attract most attention and be the subject of most comment should be a side issue which merely arose out of the disturbances of the times seems peculiar; nevertheless such is the case. The "Old Mission Massacre," as it has come to be called, has attracted much more attention than the fight at Gem or the declaration of martial law.

So numerous have been the reports and so wild the rumors concerning the difficulties at the Old Mission, that two STANDARD reporters came over here from Wardner to try to learn exactly what occurred here. They investigated the case as thoroughly as possible, they listened to the indignant protestations of the citizens of the little community against the wild reports published, they interviewed persons who were here when the trouble occurred, they rode from one end of Fourth of July canyon to the other and back, they interviewed persons living there, they examined the ground carefully and they satisfied themselves that the report first sent to the STANDARD by Wardner was not exaggerated. Unarmed men were shot at, some of them were wounded, one was mortally wounded, they were driven into the river, were compelled to sleep on islands and in sloughs, were driven into the depths of Fourth of July canyon, there to be robbed, starved and eaten up by mosquitoes.

That so beautiful a spot as this should be the scene of such barbarous actions seems incredible to one who visits it now when all is quiet. To think that white men should within the past week have committed deeds which in barbarity would compare favorably with the deeds of the old Coeur d'Alene Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, is a sad commentary on civilization. Here, almost under the shadow of the ancient Church of the Sacred Heart, where in years gone by the Indian was converted from his barbarous ways; here, among the waving fields of grass and up in the grand and rough defiles of the Fourth of July canyon, were committed deeds which for cowardice are almost unequalled in the history of the Northwest.

A Motley Crowd.

After the fight at Gem and the blowing up of the Frisco mill, a train load of non-union men came here to take the boat for Coeur d'Alene City and Spokane. They were a motley crew, mental and physical scrubs many of them were. They staid here during Tuesday afternoon waiting for the boat, which was being held all day at Coeur d'Alene City to bring General Carlin's command from Fort Sherman. They ate nearly everything to be had here, and drank some. They were unarmed and inoffensive, except that their manners were not all that they might be.

There were also armed men here. Officers of the Miners' union said that a small guard of union men was sent with the non-union men. Another report says a number of armed men came from Wardner on a hand car. Jack Wallace, the notorious suretying gambler, who runs a saloon at Cataldo, a mile from here, was also circulating among the non-union men as were other men from Cataldo.

A Tragic Night.

About dusk two shots were fired in succession into the air, and the non-union men stampeded. What happened after that nobody but those who were participants can tell certainly. That the non-union men took to the woods nobody can doubt. They scattered in all directions. Some doubtless went through barbed wire fences with bad results to their clothes and persons. Others went to the river. Some staid in the sloughs all night. Men who came off from the boat George Oakes which landed here at midnight that night met one or two stragglers rushing to the boat who were wet to the neck. They said they had been robbed and chased through the river. On the train that night also one could learn from the unguarded conversation of persons in this neighborhood that there had been considerable shooting. It is not likely that much was done right here, for a number of good citizens unite in saying that only a few shots were fired right at the Mission. It is six miles from here to the mouth of Fourth of July canyon. This territory is part grass lands and part woods. The refugees went over it during the night, for men passed Johnson's ranch several times before morning. While that canyon would be far from a pleasant place to travel in during the night, it was natural that they should take that course. Through it runs the old Mullan trail which goes through Garfield, Missoula, Coeur d'Alene City and Spokane. When the refugees found that they could not remain here till the boat came, their natural course was to take the wagon trail for Coeur d'Alene city. What they suffered in that canyon nobody knows. Doubtless they had received their wounds and been robbed before they reached it, and the suffering came as they toiled along weak, hungry, bleeding, chilled at night and eaten by mosquitoes by day, and all the time afraid to take the road lest their enemies, not

satisfied with what they had already done, should follow them.

Street Judge's.

Fourth of July canyon is one of the most beautiful places in the world if the circumstances are favorable, but one of the most dreadful, it must be said, to the unfortunate men who plodded their way through it last week. To the tourist it presents an ever changing scene of beauty. On either side rise mountains hundreds of feet high, here grassy, there rocky and rugged. In the valley between them one scarcely sees the sun. Great pines, cedars and firs, the growth of a hundred years or more, some dead, some dying, others living, all covered with moss, rise toward heaven and form a shade so dense that one travels in twilight at midday. Over the ground are strewn the great and smaller trees of by-gone generations, while over their ruins and among them spring bushes and plants, the elderberry blooms and ripens, the wild strawberry hides under the leaves or blazes in the occasional ray of sunshine, the sylvia's white blossoms mingle with the red and yellow and blue of other flowers, all in one beautiful tangled jungle-like mass of vegetation. Overhead caws an occasional crow, among the branches a little bird flutters, a rabbit comes out of the tangled brush and looks surprised at the intruder, and the only other sounds that the traveler hears is the murmur of the little brook, the rattle of his horse's hoofs and the continual buzz of the omnipresent and carnivorous mosquito. It is a combination of the grand and the beautiful seldom equaled.

But what must have been the sensations of the unfortunate men who wandered through there last week. What must have been their sufferings as half naked and bleeding they pushed their way through briars and nettles, stumbled over stones and climbed over logs, waded the little stream that winds back and forth across the bottom of the canyon, listened and shuddered at every sound lest it might be the coming of their enemies, lay on a little pile of twigs at night without the comfort of a fire, lest it might disclose their whereabouts. Nobody can tell of their sufferings and nobody can describe the joy with which they hailed the coming of Lieut. Helmick's company of the Fourth cavalry from Fort Sherman, who took them to Coeur d'Alene City where they were cared for and were out of danger.

An Old Prospector's Story.

In a little brush at the mouth of an opening of the mountains about six miles from Old Mission the STANDARD reporter came upon a man who was drying his clothes by a campfire. His name is Malloy, and he has been in this region for a long time. He is a prospector and as he puts it himself, "a strong sympathizer with the miner boys." He told a startling story of the doings at Mission on that fatal night. He said he happened to be there that night and was standing on the platform in front of the only store in the village when the shooting began. He said: "I knew all the evening there was going to be trouble. There was a drunken Italian in the crowd of non-union men, and he kept talking all the time about the Miners' union boys, but no one seemed to pay much attention to him. There was another man in that gang who seemed to be an American and a man of good sense. He talked a little in defense of his crowd, but he didn't say one word against the union men. He seemed to be anxious to keep his men sober and out of trouble. They stood around all afternoon and evening arguing and drinking, but no trouble occurred until about dusk in the evening when two men came down the track—they were both miners, union men—and ordered the non-union men to get out of town. A few minutes later three other men came up armed with guns and told them to get. The non-union men began to run and scattered in all directions and these men who ordered them away began to shoot but their guns were pointed to the sky and they evidently did not want to hit anyone.

Shooting to Kill.

"Just then another squad of men that I supposed were union men came running up and when they got right at my side they leveled their guns and shot straight at a crowd of the fleeing men who were a short distance down the track. I saw some of the men drop when this volley was fired and I am of course sure that several were hit. They could not have escaped from that volley of bullets fired directly into them. I saw one man fall just outside of D. K. Butler's fence and another dropped a few feet farther on at the same moment. After the fight was over I told the men who were looking for the dead and wounded to look at the spot where I saw these men fall and not far from there they found the young man Abbott who was shot through the body with a Winchester bullet. There were no dead men in the party that did the shooting, they were all men of from 22 to 30 years of age. I did not know any of them, though I am pretty sure that some of them were not miners; they did not have the appearance of men who had worked very hard in mines. They seemed nervous and one young fellow in particular that I noticed was very much excited. He came running up to where I was standing and was armed with a Winchester. He saw a man down the track about 100 yards running. He opened fire, and the man he had shot at gave a spring into the air and fell back as if mortally wounded. The young devil with the Winchester fired two more shots at the prostrate form. I said to him as he shot the second time, 'For God's sake don't shoot the poor fellow—when he is on the ground, he's dead now anyway.' But the fellow was as pale as a corpse and didn't seem to be aware of what he was doing.

"He fired another shot at the body on the track, and just then an old man stepped up to the fellow with the gun and said: 'There's no use in shooting at him again; he's done for, and even if he wasn't the fellows down below will attend to him.' The man who fell on the track may have been killed or he may not, but I certainly think he was injured. I did not go down the track to see because I was a stranger there, and I didn't want to mix up in the fight. I thought if I stood still I might be safe, and if I started to run some one would certainly take me for a non-union man and shoot me. I don't know what became of the fellow that I saw fall on the track. There was no sign of him when I

looked there after the battle. He was not there. He may have crawled off; he may have been taken away, or he may not have been hurt at all.

"I saw the whole business from its beginning to its end, but of course there is always so much excitement at a time like that that it is easy to make mistakes."

Who Did the Shooting?

"Could you identify any of the men who did the shooting?" asked the reporter.

"Well, I am not sure that I could. Perhaps I might, but I'm not sure. I'm neither a miners' man nor a non-union man, though being an old miner I sympathize with the miners. But I don't want to get mixed up in the fight. From what I saw I think it was a bad bit of business and something that could have been avoided entirely. That it was all done by members of the Miners' union I do not believe at all. I think there were many in that crowd who had never worked in the mines in their lives. They had smooth, white hands and were well dressed and slick looking.

"I left the Mission that night and came out here in the hills. Early the next morning I heard the bushes crackle on the hills above me and I saw seven men come down over the brow of the hill there. They were all worn-out and frightened. Many of them were covered with mud, and then they had been scratched up by the time and the building shock with cheers, and a moment later Governor Flower received a welcome. Suddenly a yell went up, 'Here comes Cleveland,' and this was the signal for a demonstration such as Cleveland had not witnessed since 1888. When silence was restored Chairman Wilson of the committee stepped to the front of the stage and, facing Cleveland, spoke in part as follows:

At Jansen's Ranch.

Right at the mouth of Fourth of July canyon where the weary fugitives entered Wednesday morning is the humble home of a rancher named Jansen, a Swede. Mr. Jansen was interviewed by the reporters. He said that during Tuesday night and early Wednesday morning his dogs barked almost incessantly, indicating that some one was passing that unfrequented road. About 7 o'clock Wednesday morning four men called at his house and asked for something to eat. They said they had been chased into the hills and beaten and robbed. They told the terrible tale of the Mission assault, and they proved their sufferings by exhibiting their wounds. One poor fellow had been shot in the head and had lost most of his clothing in the scramble. Another had been cut in the forehead by a blunt weapon of some kind. They presented a pitiable appearance and told the hospitable rancher a frightful tale of blood and brutality. After they had had something to eat they pushed on into the mountain wilderness, as they were afraid to remain so close to their enemies.

Another Eye Witness.

Midway through the canyon, in a dark defile of the mountains where the sun has not kissed the ground for centuries, the reporters came upon a man carrying a Winchester rifle. He said his name was Harvey Ricker and that he had not been long in these regions. He said he had landed in Old Mission Monday night and had remained there fishing in the river. Tuesday afternoon he went up to the little village, and seeing some excitement and a great many men around there he remained until evening. He said he saw the shooting when it began but could not say that he saw all of it. He said he saw a young man who had been eating his supper in the dining room of the hotel jump over the fence and down the track when the shooting began. He says the poor fellow had not got more than 150 yards away from the postoffice when he was dropped by a bullet. He fell as if dead, his head and shoulders upon the rails of the track. "A few minutes later," said Ricker, "I went down to look for the body of the man who I supposed had been killed. But when I got there he could not be found. There was blood on the ties and along the track for 25 or 30 feet, and I have not the least doubt in the world that the man was wounded or killed and carried off."

Ricker said there was a number of men killed or wounded that night, as he saw several men drop during the shooting. He said he could not recognize the features of the men who did the shooting, as it had already become dark, and besides that he had been excited. He would not say where he came from or where he was going, and as soon as he learned he was talking to reporters he would not say another word.

Along the Trail.

At different points along the road the STANDARD reporter saw a man across evidence of the fugitives. In places the trail was very distinct. At one point they encountered a smouldering camp fire which had not been very large at any time, and evidently not many hours old. Once they came upon a bed of bushes newly made. The branches were still fresh and the leaves had hardly wilted. There was no evidence of a camp fire nearby. The men had evidently been afraid to start a fire lest their pursuers be attracted by the blaze. From appearances six or eight men had slept there. On the banks of the streams fresh foot prints could be seen upon the sand. One man had evidently walked with one boot on and the other off. The fugitives were easily traced but a careful search failed to reveal one of them, dead or alive. There does, therefore, not seem to be any justification for the belief that many of the unfortunate men are still in the canyons. Of course there might be a dead body at every turn in the chasm and yet the searchers not find it owing to the dense growth of underbrush; but this is entirely improbable. Any man who was so badly wounded that he could not live would never have survived to reach the mouth of the canyon. He would have fallen during the first six miles. In any case a wounded man like a wounded deer will seek the water. Those who were seriously injured never left the river banks. It is possible, as some seem to think, that the river received the dead bodies of some of the attacked. But this is only a theory. The STANDARD reporters found nothing to support this belief. It seems to be pretty certain that some men besides Abbott was shot, as two eye witnesses agree in stating that a man was shot on

(Continued on the Eighth Page.)

THEY'RE SURE WINNERS

Cleveland and Stevenson Notified of Their Nomination.

'Twas A MONSTER MEETING

Thousands Assembled to Greet the Two Noted Candidates—Grover's Reply to the Committee.

New York, July 20.—Madison Square garden was crowded to-night with people witnessing the ceremonies attendant upon the notification of Messrs. Cleveland and Stevenson of their nomination. The vast amphitheater was decorated much like the national convention hall, and between 15,000 and 20,000 people were assembled. While awaiting the arrival of the guests, the audience passed the time in cheering for Cleveland, Stevenson and Governor Flower, and in singing campaign songs.

When the notification committee entered headed by Perry Belmont, who walked down the aisle with Stevenson, and as the crowd recognized Stevenson, the building shook with cheers, and a moment later Governor Flower received a welcome. Suddenly a yell went up, "Here comes Cleveland," and this was the signal for a demonstration such as Cleveland had not witnessed since 1888. When silence was restored Chairman Wilson of the committee stepped to the front of the stage and, facing Cleveland, spoke in part as follows:

Mr. Wilson said besides bringing a notification from the democratic party, the committee is also charged with the duty of presenting its platform of principles, which in all utterances is merely a development of that one great principle; that whatever governments and laws can do for a people must be done for all people without precedence of section or grade of citizenship. The democrats plant themselves upon the principle that the necessities of government are the beginning and end of just taxation and against the tendency of the centralization of political power in the federal government and the centralization of wealth in favored classes. "Four years ago," said Wilson, "in the midst of your career, which deserved the highest honors, and which will receive the highest encomiums, history can award you, you were struck down because as a democrat you could make no terms with those who wished to plunder the people's treasury and perpetuate questions of civil strife. Your countrymen will right that wrong. They have seen every power of the federal administration used to destroy free elections in the states. We can assure you there are no weary or despondent democrats in the ranks today, and with the people's cause as our cause, doubt not you will lead us to glorious triumph."

During Wilson's address Mrs. Cleveland attempted to enter the hall unperceived, but the audience caught sight of her and fairly went wild with enthusiasm. In the very midst of Wilson's speech, three cheers were given for Mrs. Cleveland and when a voice from the gallery proposed three cheers for Ruth, the enthusiasm reached such height that the chairman was obliged momentarily to suspend. Cleveland's visage darkened with displeasure, but even his frown was powerless to check the enthusiasm of American chivalry, and in a few minutes the audience had exhausted itself. At the conclusion of Chairman Wilson's address, the secretary read the formal notification letter to Cleveland, after which the latter thanked Chairman Wilson and said:

Chairman and Gentlemen:

The message you deliver from the national democracy arouses within me emotions which would be well nigh overwhelming if I did not recognize here assembled representatives of the great party who must share with me the responsibility of our mission. I find much relief in the reflection that I have been selected merely to stand for the principles and purposes to which my party is pledged, and for the enforcement and perpetuation of which I have no right to claim democratic fellowship must constantly and persistently labor.

Our party responsibility is indeed great. We assume a momentous obligation to our countrymen when in return for their trust and confidence we promise them a rectification of their wrongs and a better realization of the advantages which are due to them under our free and beneficent institutions. But if our responsibility is great, our party is strong. It is strong in its sympathy with the needs of the people, in its insistence upon the exercise of governmental powers strictly within the constitutional permission that the people have granted, and in a willingness to risk its life and hope upon the people's intelligence and patriotism. Never has a great party, intent upon the promotion of right and justice, had a better incentive for effort than is now presented to us. Turning our eyes to the plain people of the land we see them burdened as consumers with a tariff system that unjustly and relentlessly demands from them in the purchase of necessities and comforts of life, an amount scarcely met by the wages of hard and steady toil, which exactions are thus wrung from them to build up and increase the fortunes of those for whose benefit this injustice is perpetuated. We see the farmer listening to a delusive story that fills his mind with visions of advantage while his pocket is robbed by the stealthy hand of high protection. We see the laborer still toiling, off repeated in spite of his demonstrated inability, that the existing protective tariff is a boon to them, and that under its beneficent operation their wages must increase.

While they listen, scenes are enacted in the very abiding place of high protection that mock the hopes of toil and attest the tender mercy that the workingmen receive from those made selfish and sordid by unjust governmental favoritism. We oppose curiously and stubbornly the theory upon which our opponents seek to justify and uphold the existing tariff laws. We need not base our attack upon the questions of constitutional permission or legislative power, we denounce the theory upon the highest possible grounds, when we contend that in the present conditions it is in accordance with it are inequitable and unfair. Ours is not a dead active party. We are not at enmity with the rights of any of our citizens. All are our countrymen. We are not recklessly heedless of any American interests nor will we abandon our regard for them, but invoking the love of fairness and justice which belongs to true Americanism and upon which our constitution rests, we insist that no part of tariff legislation shall be tolerated which has for its object and purpose forced contributions from the earnings and income of the mass of our citizens to swell directly the accumulations of the favored few; nor will we permit pretended solicitude for American labor or any other specious pretext of benevolent care for others to blind the eyes of the people to the selfish schemes of those who seek through the aid of unequal tariff laws to gain unearned and considerable advantages at the expense of their fellows.

We have also assumed in our covenant with those whose support we invite the duties of opposing to the death another avowed scheme of our adversaries, which, under the guise of protecting the suffrage, covers but does not conceal legislation intended to complete this scheme, because we have not forgotten the saturnalia of theft and brutal control which followed another federal regulation of state suffrage; because we know the managers of a party which did not scruple to rob the people of a president, would not hesitate to use the machinery created by such legislation to revive corrupt instrumentalities for partisan purposes; because an attempt of such legislation would rekindle animosities. They would rekindle animosity and replace prosperous activity with discouragement and dread throughout a large section of the country and would menace the rights reserved to the states and the people which underlie the safeguards of American liberty. True to its history and creed the democratic party will respond to the wants of the people within safe lines and guided by enlightened statesmanship. To the troubled and impatient within our membership, we commend unswerving adherence to party, defeat in the pending campaign followed by a consummation of the legislative schemes our opponents contemplate, and accompanied by such other incidents of their success as might more firmly fix their power, would present a most discouraging outlook for the future of the nation and for the accomplishment of the objects that we have at heart.

Every sincere democrat must believe that the interests of his country are deeply involved in the victory of our party. Success can only be achieved by systematic and intelligent effort on the part of all. Let us tell the people plainly and honestly what we believe and how we propose to serve the interests of the entire country, and then let us after the manner of true democracy rely on the thoughtfulness of our fellow countrymen.

Immediately after Cleveland resumed his seat, Stephen V. White of California rose facing Stevenson of Illinois, addressing him and congratulating him on his nomination as the vice presidential candidate.

After the reading of the letter of notification to Stevenson, the candidate for the vice presidency made a short speech, after which the meeting adjourned.

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FORCED INTO IDLENESS.

Five Thousand Men Without Work in New York City.

NEW YORK, July 20.—As a result of the strike of the public cartmen, drivers, brick handlers and boatmen against the bosses, 5,000 men are forced into idleness. Unless a settlement is reached, fully as many more men, principally artisans, will be compelled for lack of material to quit work. The strike grows out of the house-smiths' trouble with the Cornells and Jackson Architectural Iron Works company. The Public Cartmen and Drivers' union are in sympathy with the house-smiths and refused to deliver material to boycotted jobs. The walking delegates promised assistance to the strikers. On the other hand the iron league, composed of all the principal iron manufacturers of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City, will aid the material bosses. President Taskers of the walking delegates, says unless the league repudiates the position taken by the Cornells and Jackson company, every building in New York upon which any member has a contract will be tied up.

NEARLY THREE HUNDRED LOST.

Wreck of a Brig in the Pacific Ocean.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 20.—October 10 the brig Tahiti, with 300 Gilbert islanders aboard captained in the Pacific ocean and all was supposed to have been drowned. Leon Mortell, who arrived here, says he met Felix Johnson, a survivor, in Mexico. Johnson says he heard that four islanders, including a woman, drifted in an open boat 16 days, without food or water. The woman died on the fourth day and the men ate portions of her flesh. One islander became insane and jumped overboard, and another died. Johnson and the remaining one reached the shore.

Struck by Lightning.

AGUSTA, Ga., July 20.—A colored school in Brickwood village yesterday was struck by lightning. The school was filled with pupils, 50 in number, and two teachers. The whole number was paralyzed and unable to save themselves from danger. People rushed to the burning school house and begun to drag out the pupils, a great majority of whom were rendered unconscious by the stroke. One of the teachers, Miss Willie Butler, will die. Sydney Standfield and George Turner were killed outright and two other pupils were fatally injured.

Stolen Cattle.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., July 20.—Three officers of Fremont, Colo., went into Jackson Hole and found 80 head of stolen cattle in a corral, with brands freshly changed. The two men in charge surrendered. One of the thieves was allowed to go into a room to get his clothing and reappeared with a six-shooter and sent a bullet into the heart of one of the officers. In the melee both officers escaped. The cattle belong to Booth & Carver of the Bear river ranch.

The Crew of the Rosalis.

BUENOS AYRES, July 20.—The commander of the United States warship Bennington reports from Bahia that he knows nothing of the fate of the missing crew of an Argentine warship Rosalis, which recently foundered in a storm. It was supposed here the missing sailors have been rescued by the Bennington.

Sir Michael All Right.

LONDON, July 20.—Sir Michael Hicks Beach, president of the board of trade, will become a peer. Mr. Long, secretary of the local government board, a defeated candidate for parliament, will be nominated a member for Bristol when Sir Michael Hicks Beach has vacated his seat.

A Tale of Horror.

LONDON, July 20.—A special from Tangier says that the refugees who arrived there report the troops looted the houses in the villages and outraged the women. In many cases they chopped off the women's hands to obtain rings and bracelets they wore.